



Report #86

# Blaze of Glory



2500  
FOR THE  
OVER  
AWDOL  
CLEARANCE  
TO ZERO-  
ONE-  
ZERO

BOSTON  
CENTER  
AWDOL  
REQUEST  
CLEARANCE  
TO ZERO  
THREE-ZERO  
OVER



SHALL  
WE BEGIN  
THE IN-  
FLIGHT  
SERVICE?



SOUNDS  
GOOD  
ABOUT  
NOW

AWDOL  
BOSTON  
CENTER

CLEAR  
TO FLIGHT  
LEVEL ZERO-  
THREE  
ZERO.  
ACKNOWLEDGE



BOSTON  
ROGER  
2500-  
THREE  
ZERO  
OUT





TWO YEARS IN  
INVESTIGATIONS  
FEELING THINGS  
OUT FOR THE BANK  
MAKING REAL  
MONEY FOR THE  
FIRST TIME IN  
MY LIFE...

AND ALL THE  
TIME KNOWING I  
WAS BEING FELT  
OUT. A SLEEPER  
AGENT, WAITING TO  
BE ACTIVATED. I  
KNEW IT DEEP  
DOWN.



AND THEN WHEN  
I WAS GOOD  
AND DIRTY  
ENOUGH, YOU  
CALLED AND LET  
ME TRACK MY  
MUD ALL OVER  
YOUR CARPET.



"COME  
IN,  
MR. DURAN  
COME  
IN."



WILLIAM  
HAMPTON  
SAID  
THAT  
TO ME.



ROBERT DURAN  
EX-SOLDIER,  
EX-SPOOK,  
EX-EVERYTHING,  
NOW PERSONAL  
ASSISTANT TO  
THE CEO OF  
FIRST NEW  
ENGLAND BANK

AND AFTER  
FLOOD, I  
KNEW I  
WASN'T THE  
ONLY MAN  
WORKING FOR  
YOU, BUT  
STILL...



















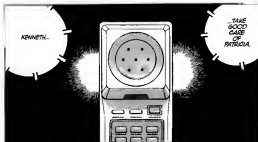






I'VE THIRTY THOUSAND  
FEET UP FLYING AWAY  
FROM THE CAPE COD  
SHORE, BACK ALONG  
THE ROUTE THE PILGRIMS  
TOOK. KENNETH, JIMMY  
FROM AMERICA THEN,  
AMERICA NOW INTO THE  
DARKNESS, BUT I SWEAR  
TO YOU THAT FROM THIS  
HEIGHT I CAN SEE THE  
LIGHTS ON THE OTHER  
SIDE OF THE WORLD.

ONE  
WORLD,  
KENNETH.  
A FUTURE  
DOESN'T SIMPLY  
HAPPEN. IT  
HAS TO  
BE MADE.  
FOR THE  
ONLY QUESTION  
IS WHEN  
AND HOW  
YOU WISH  
TO PAY  
FOR IT.

























Report #87

**Tomiko**









An aerial photograph of Okinawa Island, showing its rugged terrain, numerous small inlets, and the surrounding sea. The island is oriented vertically, with the northern tip at the top. The image is in black and white, with some areas appearing overexposed or washed out, particularly in the upper left and middle right sections.

"OKINAWA WASN'T JUST A STRING OF ISLANDS IN THE SOUTH END OF JAPAN. ONCE IT WAS ITS OWN KINGDOM, WITH ITS OWN CULTURE. MARCH SHIPS SAILED ALL OVER ASIA. JAPAN DIDN'T TAKE CONTROL OF IT UNTIL 1879. WHEN PEARL HARBOR HAPPENED, THERE WERE PEOPLE ALIVE ON OKINAWA WHO STILL REMEMBERED THEIR INDEPENDENCE.

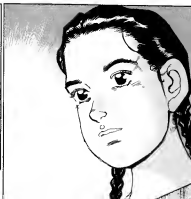
"AND AT THE END OF THE WAR IT WAS CAUGHT BETWEEN JAPAN AND AMERICA--IN THE WORST AND LAST BATTLE.

"IN THE SPRING OF 1945, OVER TWELVE THOUSAND AMERICANS AND ALMOST TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND JAPANESE DIED. THERE PERHAPS HALF WERE OKINAWAN CIVILIANS--KILLED BY BOTH SIDES. KILLED RESISTING THE AMERICANS, OR BY THE THOUSANDS MURDERED OR FORCED TO KILL THEMSELVES BY THE JAPANESE ARMY. TO PREVENT THEM FROM SURRENDERING TO US.























THAT WAS  
HOW I  
MET  
YOUR  
MOTHER...

IN THIS  
SOLDESSE TOWN,  
WITH THE SWEET  
OF FUEL  
AND SWEAT  
BELOW THE  
BREEZE













HE  
BARELY  
HAD ENOUGH  
TO EAT  
WHEN  
I WAS  
BORN.

WHAT  
PEOPLE  
WOULD DO IS  
SNEAK INTO  
THE TRAINING  
AREAS TO  
FIND THE  
DEFECTIVE  
SHELLS.



IF YOU WERE  
CAREFUL,  
YOU COULD  
TAKE THEM  
APART  
AND SELL  
THEM FOR  
SCRAP  
METAL.



BUT  
SOMETIMES  
THEY  
EXPLODED  
ALL  
THE  
SAME.

THAT'S  
HOW THEY  
TELL ME  
MY PARENTS  
DIED WHEN  
I WAS  
THREE.



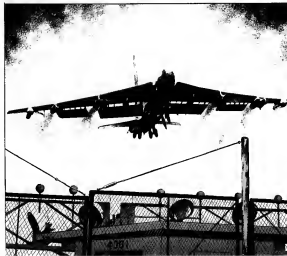
WE  
MAKE  
OUR  
LIVING  
OFF THE  
MILITARY  
HERE ONE  
WAY OR THE  
OTHER.



AND  
TRIP  
DOWN  
INSIDE.



WE  
HATE  
IT





"AND SO  
WE SPENT  
EVERY  
SECOND  
WE COULD  
TOGETHER.





"IT WAS  
LIKE THE  
TIMES ON  
THE CAMERA  
THAT WEEK.  
THOSE  
TAKASHI.



"JUST A  
LITTLE  
WHILE. JUST  
BURNING  
ITSELF DOWN  
AND AT THE  
END TOGETHER  
FOR  
ALWAYS.









"...AND  
ASKED  
IT TO  
STAND  
STILL.

NOTHING.



\* IT WAS  
ONLY  
THE  
TWO  
OF US  
THERE,  
AFTER  
ALL...

"...SO  
WHY  
COULDN'T  
IT  
JUST  
STAND  
STILL?"



# Mother and Father

Report #88



"IT  
WAS  
OUR  
LAST  
DAY  
TOGETHER."



"HE  
HAD  
SO  
MANY  
THINGS  
TO  
TALK  
ABOUT."



"BUT  
NEITHER  
OF US  
COULD  
SAY A  
WORD."



"I  
DIDN'T  
WANT  
TO  
LEAVE."







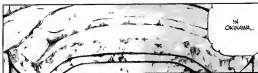


ISN'T IT  
SIGNIFICANT?



THIS  
IS  
WHERE  
THEY  
ALL  
ARE -

MY  
MOTHER,  
MY  
FATHER,  
ALL MY  
RELATIVES.



IN  
OKINAWA...



...WHEN  
SOMETHING  
WONDERFUL  
HAPPENS TO  
YOU, YOU COME  
HERE... TO  
CELEBRATE.

TO  
SHARE  
THE  
HAPPINESS  
WITH YOUR  
FAMILY.



KENNETH...



YES.

...WILL  
YOU  
PROVIDE  
ME...

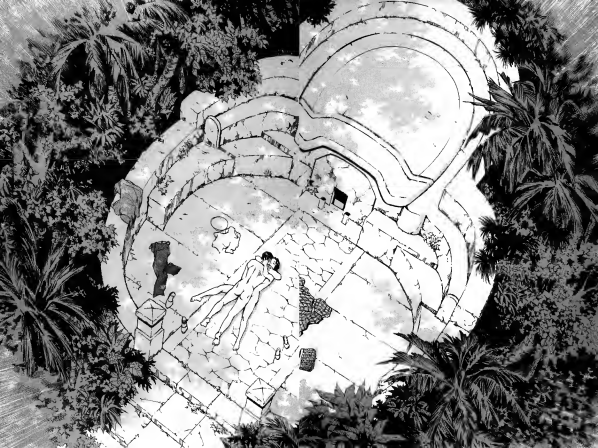
















**CHAK**



**CHNR**



**CHAK**

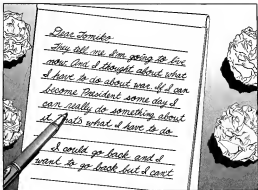


**UHHO**











SHE WOULD HAVE  
CARED FOR ME ON  
THAT ISLAND AT REASE  
AT LAST, AS THE  
FLAMES FLEW AWAY  
FROM THESE, GOING  
WHO KNOWS WHERE,  
AND SOMEWHERE  
FAR AWAY THOUSANDS  
KEPT ON DYING.

SHE WASN'T A  
SOLDIER, I  
NEEDED TO STAY  
ON THE BATTLE-  
FIELD, FIGHT IT  
THROUGH,  
AND FIND  
COMRADES  
IN ARMS.



IT WAS LIKE I  
TOLD THEM IN  
ATLANTA RIGHT  
BEFORE THE  
ATTEMPT ON MY  
LIFE, I HAD TO  
BE PRESIDENT OF  
ALL THE PEOPLE

SO I  
TURNED AROUND  
FROM THE  
PACIFIC AND  
SHOWED THE  
OLD AMERICA  
MY YELLOW  
FACE.



I  
RETRACTED  
ALL THE  
TRAILS WEST,  
AND GRAFTED  
MYSELF ONTO  
THIS  
COUNTRY'S  
ROOT.



I ARRIVED  
INTO NEW  
ENGLAND, I  
FOUND MY  
SOUTHERN  
BLOOD  
BROTHER  
ASIN.

AND  
IN THE  
MIDDLE  
NEW YORK,  
I BEGAN TO  
BUILD POWER  
— POWER  
ENOUGH.

THREE MONTHS  
AFTER I  
SENT THAT  
LETTER  
TO HER...



A BOX  
ARRIVED  
FROM  
TOKYO.

I  
UNWRAPPED  
IT  
WITH  
NERVOUS  
HANDS...



...AND  
INSIDE...



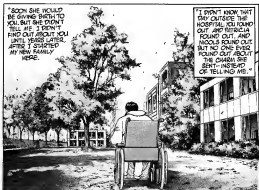
NO  
LETTER.

JUST  
A  
SMALL  
CHARM...



A  
SOUVENIR  
OF  
OKINAWA,  
MADE  
OF  
CORAL.







IT WAS  
SMASHED TO  
PIECES WHEN THE  
BULLET HIT,  
AT THE RALLY--  
THE ONE WHICH  
MADE ME  
CERTAIN TO  
BECOME  
PRESIDENT.



AND  
I  
THOUGHT--  
MISSION  
ACCOMPLISHED



I TOLD  
HOMI THAT  
IN VIETNAM  
WE WERE  
SHEEP  
LED TO  
DROWN

I  
TOLD HIM  
PEOPLE  
DIDNT  
NEED A  
GOOD  
SHEPHERD



BUT  
THAT'S  
WHAT I  
AM, WITH  
THESE  
GOSPEL  
WORDS OF  
MINE.



ASHES  
IN  
THE  
WATER,  
LIKE  
TOMINO.





THERE'S  
STILL TIME  
TO MAKE THE  
MORNING  
NEWS SHOWS.  
YOU CAN  
TELL THEM  
EVERYTHING.

AND  
I  
WON'T  
DENY  
IT.



YOU  
STILL  
THINK  
THERE'S  
SOMETHING  
TO REVEAL..



"BUT WE'RE  
RAISED  
IN  
SECRET--  
EACH  
AND  
EVERY  
ONE  
OF  
US.



"EVERY SINGLE ONE,  
LOOKING UP TO A  
TOWERING HEIGHT  
THAT'S BOTH THE  
FUTURE AND THE  
PAST OF  
OURSELVES.



"AND BECAUSE  
NONE OF US  
EVER CHOSE TO  
BE, THE REASONS  
BEGIN AS MYSTERY,  
BUT WHY WE  
CAN UNDERSTAND  
THEM. WHY WE  
CAN  
PIECE THEM  
TOGETHER.

"WE NEVER  
CHOSE TO BE.  
THE CHOICE ONLY  
COMES WITH  
WHAT WE ARE  
AND SO SHE  
RAISED ME ON  
THAT ISLAND  
RISING FROM  
THE PAST OF  
PAST THINGS."

















Report #89

# Father and Son

"All the News Fits to Print"

# The New York Times

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1990

## TRIUMPH AND TRAGEDY

SENATOR YAMAOKA ELECTED 43RD PRESIDENT  
IN LARGEST PLURALITY IN AMERICAN HISTORY;  
FATHER-IN-LAW, FINANCIER WILLIAM HAMPTON,  
DIES IN PLANE CRASH OFF MASSACHUSETTS COAST

Unprecedented Mandate  
As Yamaoka-Noah Ticket  
Takes 2/3 of Popular Vote

Yamaoka Carries Thirty-Two States  
Dems Win Texas; First Time Since 1976



THE PLANE GOES DOWN

For Yamaoka of Winthrop  
and his second wife  
"a good day"

Yamaoka's victory was a surprise to many observers, who had expected a close race between the two major candidates. The Yamaoka-Noah ticket's landslide win was a historic moment for the country.

By [Name] and [Name]





















































**I'LL  
WAIT!**



**I  
PROMISE**





It was a bright  
day in America,  
28 years after  
a dark one in  
Vietnam.

There a  
young United  
States Marine,  
the grandson  
of Japanese  
immigrants,  
saw he  
would change  
the world.



It could be simply said, and thus would still be true: in the end, his determination became his destiny.



But as he stood there at last, at the highest point of American power...

...he understood where it came from, and the way by which it must go.







But was the impossible  
candidate. Not at hearted  
the impossible nation  
His slogan was 'Emigrate  
to the 21st Century' He  
saw that when the old  
lands had been crossed  
when the wealth of the  
ground had been taken  
there was wealth still.  
The true riches of America  
The diversity of its people  
out of many, one.



He saw that  
darkness was  
not to be had.  
It was to be  
illuminated.



Here was the  
new frontier.  
He is  
its first  
explorer.

We chase after conspiracies  
But the truth, after all,  
is best hidden by simply  
refusing to look at it.  
When it's in plain sight.  
Look to your faces for the  
secret. See the mixed blood  
rise to your scar.

Your history is there  
with Jefferson,  
his dreams of liberty,  
and his children by slaves.



They must be  
its pioneers,  
each with  
the torch  
of courage  
he held.



By  
Takashi  
Jo

Eagle:  
The Making of an  
Asian-American  
President.



*She  
believed that  
when the  
day came,  
her love  
changed the  
world... that  
the truth  
would be  
spoken.*

I  
KENNETH J. CURICH  
MURAKAWA DO  
SOLEMNLY SWEAR  
THAT I WILL  
FAITHFULLY EXECUTE  
THE OFFICE OF  
PRESIDENT  
OF THE  
UNITED STATES..



*Mother--  
can  
you  
hear  
him?*



...AND WILL  
TO THE BEST  
OF MY ABILITY  
PRESERVE, PROTECT  
AND DEFEND  
THE CONSTITUTION  
OF THE  
UNITED STATES.

SO  
HELP  
AND  
GOD!



*Then he  
began to  
speak, and  
I, too  
promised--  
to tell  
the truth.*



*The  
world  
is  
going  
to  
change!*



And  
when  
it does...  
that's  
when I  
know I  
can tell  
the  
world...



...that  
you  
are,  
my  
father.

Story and art by Kaiji Kawaguchi

## Afterword

The editor and rewriter of the English-language edition of *Eagle* would like to dedicate his work to the resistance of the passengers and crew of United Airlines Flight 93.

Unlike their hijackers, I do not believe they were resolved to certain death, and, despite the desperate situation, had hopes that they could take back the controls. Nevertheless they knew there was a worse thing, even that they should all die. A worst thing—that by their resistance, they prevented.

To speak of one's hometown, there is a discrete amber of pride that many of those who fought, and who prevailed, came from San Francisco. To speak of them as Americans, let us ever recall, and never for our whole lives, forget this:

They were ordinary citizens. They were without the protection of police, of soldiers, of Secret Service. Indeed, all protections of their government had failed them utterly in this, their moment of greatest need. It was a protection that was, all too often, promised to be paid only in the future—in exchange for their liberty as citizens, to be paid now. Yet they in the end and of their own accord and inspiration gave the price of their lives, in the belief they might be saving the lives of our leaders in Washington. They, at least, deserved better. The comfort offered by authority cannot and can never repay them.

Tough talk from a television studio; there is none tougher than the last words of the passengers, spoken only by cell phone. Increased security and intelligence; when the only good warning of that day came over those same phones, from their families watching television. Military response; when, acting on that warning, unarmed, untrained, they died for their country, in Somerset County, Pennsylvania. It is, in fact, about an hour from Gettysburg:

"From these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and

that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

We now know the physical reality of these words, spoken by a President not of our time. Because he spoke them before the dead, Lincoln knew they could only live in the American people who might remain to hear. Government of, by, and for the people must mean that, in the end, we are the government. In the most final and sure of ends, early in the tenth hour of September 11, 2001, the American people made that true once again.

They deserve better of their leaders. By which I mean also, that they deserve better of each one of us.

It is not always understood why the Constitution forbids a law against flag burning. Those who wrote it knew that to do so would burn in vain what that flag stood for. It then becomes a rag on a stick, and blown by empty winds. The passengers of United Airlines Flight 93 by contrast did not hesitate to burn their own lives to protect mere symbols of democracy. And in the moment when they did that, they then made them true and real.

We too must burn, with our lives as Americans. As an American I believe the world is a darkness lit only by recognizing the freedom and meaning and infinite worth of each individual. We ask everyone to light a candle. For democracy, the vote is that small flame; think of their fire, and never again neglect it.

—Carl Gustav Horn  
September 15, 2001